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THE PURITAN

By AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

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THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XIII NUMBER 6
NOVEMBER, 1939

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano:
A stage where every man must play a part.
—MERCHANT OF VENICE

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at 8:15 o'clock, and every Sunday afternoon at 4:00
o'clock.

MARSHALL BIDWELL, Organist

•••

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the constant welfare and happiness of the race.
Anyone, therefore, who by a gift of beautiful works
of art, or objects of scientific value, or a donation
to its financial resources, aids in the growth of
these collections and the extension of its service
is contributing substantially to the glorious mission
of the Institute.

The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of
every worthy collection of pictures and museum
objects when the men and women who have chosen
them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

PRAISE FROM SIR HARRY BRITTAI
LONDON

DEAR CARNEGIE:

Apart from the happiest of memories of a city
second to none in wholehearted kindness and
hospitality, I count, as a delightful link with
Pittsburgh and with the Institute of Technology,
the regular receipt of the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE.
As a Director of twenty to thirty newspapers, and
founder of the Empire Press Union, which brought
together the many and varied newspapers of our
Empire, I have a good many Journals sent to me,
but there is always a special welcome for your
Magazine, which is full of interest, from cover
to cover.

—HARRY BRITTAI

A VOICE FROM CALIFORNIA

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

DEAR CARNEGIE:

Permit me to congratulate you most heartily
upon the editorials in the October issue of the
CARNEGIE MAGAZINE. They should meet the approval
of all loyal Americans, particularly those relating
to Hitler and to the Flag. As regards "The Grapes
of Wrath," no criticism against that book could
be too severe.

—E. T. WHITER

THE BOOK HAS BEEN RED

DEAR CARNEGIE:

In your review of John Steinbeck's "The Grapes
of Wrath" in the October CARNEGIE MAGAZINE,
you say that you have "red" that book. This is
the first typographical error I have ever noticed
in your attractive Magazine. In calling your at-
tention to it, I mean to give you a compliment
rather than a rebuke.

—HENRY WILSON

That's nicely said, but the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE
announced in the April, 1939, number that it
would henceforth use "red" instead of "read" as
the past tense of the verb "to read" in order to
avoid constant mental confusion.

FOR A PURE SPEECH

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

DEAR CARNEGIE:

I have just received the October number of the
CARNEGIE MAGAZINE and want to congratulate
you on your stand on such publications as "The
Grapes of Wrath." Am glad to note the reference
to Harry Davis [manager of the Alvin Theater]
and his stand about profanity on the stage. As an
old Pittsburgher, I remember him. I also concur
in your Hitler article.

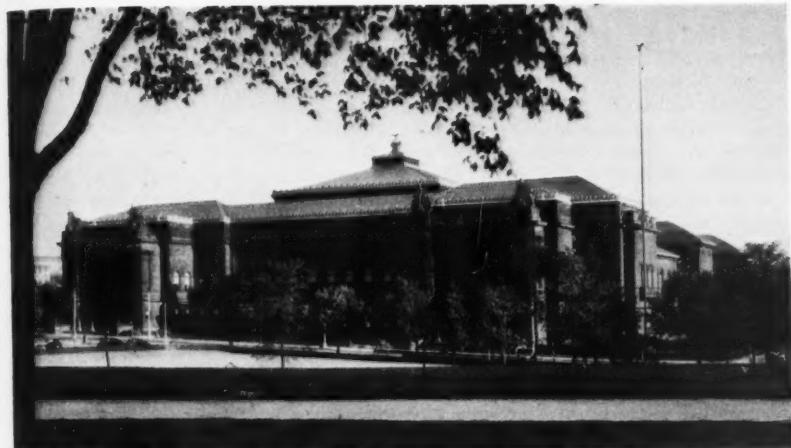
—E. L. DAWES

THE AMERICAN IDEA

Now it is proposed to form a government for
men, and not for societies of men or States.

—GEORGE MASON

[In the Constitutional Convention, 1787]



THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

FOUNDER'S DAY 1939

FOUNDER'S DAY, commemorating the forty-second anniversary of the opening of the Carnegie Institute to the people of Pittsburgh, was held in the Carnegie Music Hall on Thursday evening, October 19, at eight o'clock. A distinguished audience of Pittsburghers and out-of-town guests gathered to do honor to the Founder of the Institute, filling every seat in the Music Hall and standing in the balconies. Through an amplification system the program was carried to the Lecture Hall, where there was an overflow audience.

The Music Hall platform was decorated in the colorful flags of the nations represented in the Carnegie International Exhibition of Paintings, and with ferns and foliage and yellow chrysanthemums. To meet the radio requirements, the program had been planned with precision and included, as the speaker of the evening, Archibald MacLeish, the newly appointed Librarian of Congress and a poet of note. Through the courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company, the entire program was broadcast throughout the United States by KDKA,

and Westinghouse International Station W8XK sent it around the world.

With the speaker on the platform were members of the Board of Trustees, heads of various departments, and the President of the Carnegie Institute, Samuel Harden Church, who opened the celebration with these words:

PRESIDENT CHURCH: Ladies and Gentlemen: Through the courtesy of our KDKA radio friends, who have given us a world coverage tonight, we are celebrating here at Pittsburgh, and everywhere throughout the world, the forty-second Founder's Day of the Carnegie Institute.

When Andrew Carnegie retired from business he determined to devote the tremendous fortune that was in his hands to the education, culture, and welfare of the people. The first steps in the development of this philanthropy were made at Pittsburgh, and comprised these three institutions—the Carnegie Library system, the Carnegie Institute with its art and science halls, and the Carnegie Institute of Technology—and

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

when certain pending settlements are made, the cost of these Pittsburgh creations will approximate \$50,000,000 from his purse.

In the freedom that came with leisure it was not long before Mr. Carnegie discovered that peace and happiness are linked together in the welfare of all nations; and in order that he might assist in the establishment of happiness, he dedicated many millions to the organization of peace. But alas! He learned in 1914 what we have witnessed in 1939 that even when all peoples are passionately attached to peace, the ambition of one man can set the world on fire, deluge it with blood, slaughter its chivalry, and stir the voice of lamentation through every land.

In this second world war, in which the very texture of the earth is torn apart by Adolf Hitler, it is natural to ask what part shall be played by America in the tragedy of the universe. One hundred and sixty-three years ago our founding fathers, in the Declaration of Independence, maintained "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Inspired by the exaltation of their task, they founded a new nation upon the truths which were thus exemplified. Due to their wisdom, our citizenship comprises groups which have come to us from every land on this broad earth. Upon the instant of their arrival here these new sons of a new freedom find that the tribal hatreds of Europe have vanished from their hearts; that they have been put into the membership of a national family which gives them a blood relationship with all mankind; and that there are no racial minorities in our great democracy. In this way the brotherhood of man has become the central fact in the organization of the American nation. While we have had wars, our upward movement is always toward peace. Since the last world war our Government has signed all those solemn pacts between the

nations which were designed to preserve a tranquil world. But the great aggressor has broken them all, and the civilization of Europe stands in peril of destruction at his hands. What is America to do?

In Dante's Inferno—in the seventh book, I think—there is a hell beneath all other hells for those whose thoughts are neutral in the eternal struggle between right and wrong. The thoughts of the American people in this struggle between right and wrong are not neutral. It is amazing to note, everywhere, their profound sympathy for all those who are in the right, and their profound rage against him who is in the wrong. But in that first world war, in that rampart of human flesh extending itself from Switzerland to the English Channel, America placed two millions of her precious sons. That was a war to end all future wars. Today our people are saying, with an astounding unanimity of opinion, that in the turmoil that has kept Europe in almost constant strife through two thousand years, America will never again send her armies abroad to take part in another war. We are not, in any mean or degrading sense, isolationists or pacifists, but we believe that war is the greatest evil that can afflict humanity; we believe that its devastating effects are growing more satanic every day; and we believe that it can be abolished only by abolishing it; and in standing aloof from war now, we are moved by a high purpose of preserving on this Continent a civilization compounded of all the races upon the earth that dedicates itself to the equality of men, and builds itself on peace.

Finland is the latest of the helpless nations to find itself within the suffocating clutch of the ravisher of Europe—Finland, excelling all others today in its humanity, its culture, its integrity, especially in its music. The soul of Finland cries out to us in a work by Sibelius, which he calls "Finlandia," and which Marshall Bidwell will play on the organ.

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

Dr. Bidwell, Organist and Director of Music at the Carnegie Institute, then played "Finlandia," after which the Very Reverend N. R. H. Moor, Dean of Trinity Cathedral, asked God's blessing upon this celebration.

Dr. MOOR: Great God, who seest all we do, come and bless all the work we have in hand. Let it be begun, continued, and ended in Thee. Let no weakness of ours hinder its usefulness, but let Thy blessing be with us in our going out and coming in. In all human work there must be some failures, let us not be downcast if this be so. By Thy grace may we rise up to try again and again, although success may be difficult, and effort sometimes appear vain. May we hold in respectful memory and keen appreciation those whose foresight, generosity, and social good will founded that which has been entrusted to our care. Help us, Lord, in this and all work done for Thee; for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord and Master. Amen.

PRESIDENT CHURCH: In choosing the "Recessional," by Rudyard Kipling, for tonight, the committee was influenced by a man whose request on any subject, at any time, would meet with the acceptance of any group of his friends—Augustus K. Oliver. I think he asked for this song because it glorifies England.

The "Recessional" was sung by the quartet of the Third Presbyterian Church—Dorothy Mussler Morris, soprano; Edith White Elliott, contralto; Arthur R. Davis, tenor; and Russell Mitchell, bass.

PRESIDENT CHURCH: When I looked in Who's Who to gain my first acquaintance with Archibald MacLeish, I saw that he was born in Glencoe. Now, Glencoe is the place in Scotland where Macaulay describes a massacre of Scottish loyalists; and I thought what better place for a man with such a swelling Scottish name to be born in than Glencoe. But it was not Glencoe, Scotland—it was Glencoe, Illinois, and, as long as

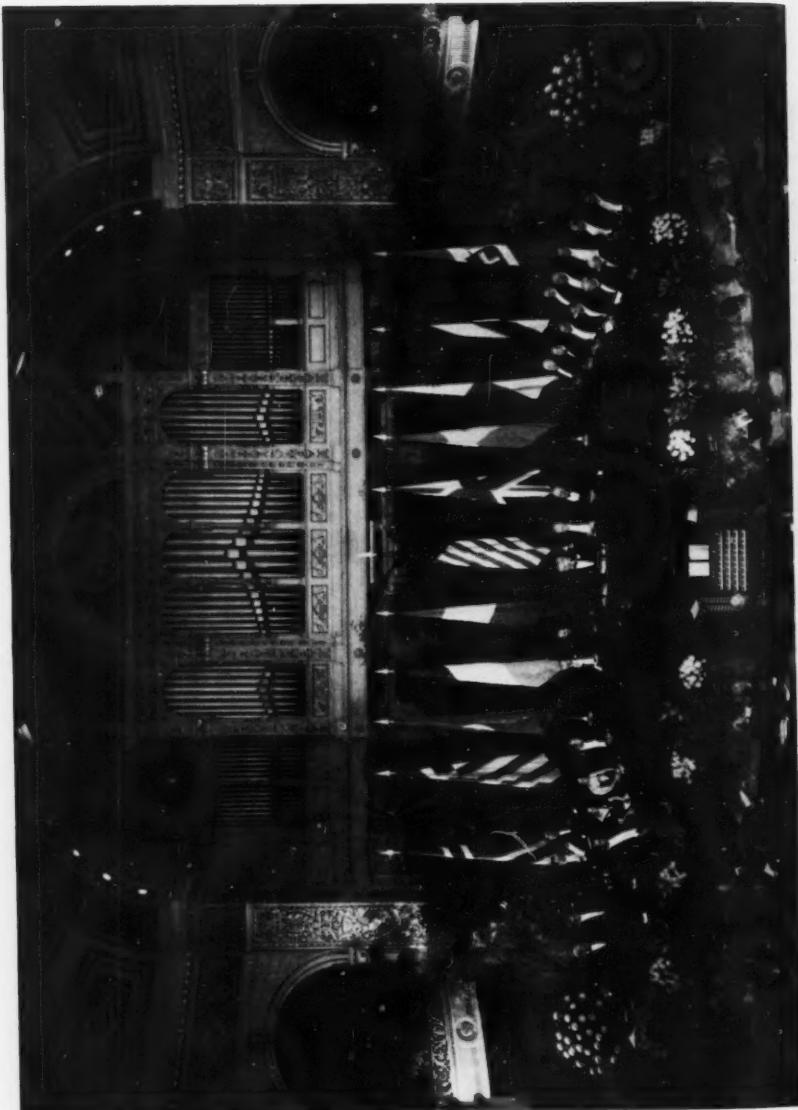
he could not be born in Scotland, he showed a poet's taste by choosing a good Scottish name for the American town in which he was to make his first appearance. He has an imposing background. His father, as vice president of the Board of Trustees of the University of Chicago, founded two Distinguished Service Professorships at the University. His mother was a graduate of Vassar, a teacher and writer in the east, and just before her marriage, principal of Rockford Seminary, Rockford, Illinois. This son, Archibald, attended Hotchkiss preparatory school, then graduated from Yale. He was field artillery captain in the World War, where his father was at the same time a major. Father and son were on the same battle front—in different regiments. On his return from France, he went back to his study of the law at Harvard Law School, graduating from there and teaching there. He practiced the law in Boston, but gave it up to write. He has honorary degrees from Tufts, Yale, Wesleyan, and Colby. He was contributing editor of Fortune Magazine from its beginnings until two years ago, and until recently curator at Harvard of the Nieman Collection of Contemporary Journalism. During all this time he was a poet, having written verse since he was sixteen years old. And, of course, Shakespeare long since spotted him:

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

And now he has been called to Washington by President Roosevelt to take the highest library position in America—the Librarian of Congress. Surely, with such a preparation, no man could surpass him in his fitness for that post. We feel honored tonight to have his first speech made here—in Pittsburgh, where the first of Andrew Carnegie's three thousand libraries was established—Archibald MacLeish.

LIE

THE PLATFORM



LIBRARIES IN THE CONTEMPORARY CRISIS

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

Librarian of Congress

I HAVE known for some months that I was going to have the honor of speaking to you this evening. But it was not until five days ago that I learned what I was expected to say. Five days ago I was sitting more or less comfortably at a luncheon table in an Annapolis hotel, with my attention wholly given to the ice cream, when the learned and distinguished gentleman to my left informed me that the new Librarian of Congress was on the point of rising and delivering a speech. When I asked him what the new Librarian of Congress was on the point of rising and delivering a speech about, he said, "That's easy. There is only one thing these people want to know about you. They want to know why on earth you did it."

It is an interesting question. Or rather, it is two interesting questions. The first is a question interesting to that minority—an excessively small minority, if the sales of my books are correctly reported—which likes to read my verse. To these rare people—rare in every sense of the term—the question means "Why on earth did you take a job as librarian which will leave you little or no time for your own work?" The second question is a question interesting apparently to a very much larger number of my fellow citizens, but interesting in a somewhat different way: When the New York Herald Tribune asked the new Librarian of Congress why on earth he did it, the New York Herald Tribune was not concerned for the unwritten verse of A. MacLeish. The question, as the Herald Tribune asked it, meant "Why on earth did you take a job for which you are so patently unfitted?"

But interesting though the question is, I doubt if I shall attempt to answer

it. There are two persuasive reasons. As asked by the Herald Tribune, the question is not answerable—and is not meant to be. As asked by the readers of my books, it is answerable only at the cost of a personal history which you would find both long and dull.

There is, however, a question under this question, or within this question, or behind this question, which I should like to try to answer. It is a question addressed not to me but to all men of responsibility. And it is a question which concerns not a particular librarian but the librarians of the nation.

If you object that I have been a librarian for two weeks only, and that I know nothing about libraries, and that I should therefore not attempt to talk about libraries, I can only reply that the first statement is true, and that the second statement is true, but that the third statement is not true. For some months the librarians of the country have been talking quite freely about me, without knowing anything about me. It is only fair that I should reciprocate.

Moreover, ignorance has never stopped the mouths of lecturers. On the contrary, American notions of American poetry are almost wholly formed by people who, if they spoke only out of knowledge, would not speak at all. For one Louis Untermeyer who will patiently present to his audiences the important poetry of our generation in this country—the poetry of Pound and Eliot and Sandburg and Frost and Cummings and Crane—there are a hundred enlighteners of the people who not only do not understand the greater part of the work of these poets but are not even certain, of their own knowledge, that it exists.

There is no doubt that I am ignorant of American libraries. American writers

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

generally are unaware of American libraries except as imposing frontages on important streets—and the fault, I may add, is not altogether with the writers. But ignorant though I am, I have several precedents for speech. And I have also a compelling reason—the reason more compelling than any other—the reason of time.

Our age, as many men have noticed, is an age characterized by the tyranny of time. Never more than at this moment, was that tyranny evident. Those of us who are concerned, for whatever reason, with the preservation of the civilization and the inherited culture of this nation find ourselves in a situation in which time is running out, not like the sand in a glass, but like the blood in an opened artery. There is still time left to us. But we can foresee, and foresee clearly, the moment when there will be none.

I do not like epigrammatic condensations of history. I do not like analyses of life which present its situations on the brutal balance of an "either" and an "or." But it seems to me no less than extant to say that the situation which now confronts us in this country is a situation which must be expressed in just these terms.

We face a situation which has an "either" and which has an "or," and we will choose or fail to choose between them. Whichever we do, we will have chosen. For the failure to choose in the world we live in is itself a choice.

The "either," as I see it, is the education of the people of this country. The "or" is Fascism. We will either educate the people of this Republic to know, and therefore to value and therefore to preserve their own democratic culture; or we will watch the people of this Republic trade their democratic culture for the nonculture, the obscurantism, the superstition, the brutality, the tyranny which is overrunning Eastern and Central and Southern Europe.

Others, I will admit, see the alternatives in different terms. Six and seven years ago, at the bottom of the depre-

sion, American intellectuals saw the American progress as a race between economic reform and violent revolution. Economics, as you will recall, was then the one, the true religion which explained everything. If you made the economic machine operate, you made everything operate: if you didn't make the economic machine operate, everything collapsed. The "either" in those days was economic salvation: the "or" was social ruin. That, however, was before Herr Hitler had demonstrated that men could be led against their economic interests as well as against their spiritual interests if the propaganda was good enough.

Another, and a still popular definition of the American alternatives, was, and is, the definition which puts Americanism on one side and a Conspiracy of Evil on the other. The nature of the conspiracy depends on the angle of observation. To certain good Americans the conspirators are the Communists. There was and there still is some disagreement as to what a Communist is—and some of the disagreement is honest—but there is no disagreement as to the general theory. The theory is that America is all right, and the Americans are all right, and everything else would be all right if only the Communists could be prevented from spreading their insidious propaganda and wrecking the country. It is not, I think you will agree, a very flattering picture of America, despite the fact that it is a picture offered by those who are loudest in their protestations of love for the country. It implies that the Americanism of the rest of the Americans is so shaky and insecure, and the appeal to them of Communist dogma is so seductive, that only by stopping American ears with legal wax and strapping American arms with legal thongs can American democracy be preserved. I, for one, have never been impressed by the sincerity of those whose eagerness to save American democracy is so great that they would gladly destroy all the American guarantees of freedom to ask,

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

freedom to answer, freedom to think, and freedom to speak, which make American democracy democratic. I more than half suspect that it is not America but some other institution, something very different, something very much smaller, very much less admirable, that these people really wish to save.

But the self-appointed guardians of America have not been the only ones to see the American situation as a conspiracy of the forces of evil. The people they hate most, the Communists themselves, take exactly the same position. They take it, however, with this difference—that the conspiracy as the Communists see it is a conspiracy of evil persons from the other end of the political rainbow. The Communist conspirators are conspirators who meet in bankers' dens furnished with black leather armchairs and boxes of Havana stogies to plot the ruin of the people.

The shallowness and romanticism of both these pictures of the contemporary crisis are obvious. No one of twelve-year intelligence who really thinks about it believes for one moment that American democracy is endangered by conspiracies—least of all by conspiracies like these. If there is any danger in this direction, it is the danger introduced by those who talk about these alleged conspiracies; not by those who theoretically take part. For the effect of such romantic talk is to distract the attention of the citizens from the actual situation. Those who shout that America is threatened by the Reds

prevent a certain number of their fellow citizens from considering soberly and quietly what it is that really threatens America. And those, on the other side, who attribute all our dangers to a Wall Street conspiracy to corrupt the army and take over the Government divert the minds of their listeners from the much less romantic but much more disturbing truth.

For the truth is that the threat to free culture and democratic civilization in the United States is the threat not of any person and not of any group of persons, but of a condition. Those who, like myself, assert that the threat to a free culture and a democratic civilization in this country is the threat of Fascism do not mean by that word what the Communist Party meant by it—or pretended to mean by it—before the Russo-German Pact. Those

who, like myself, assert that the threat to democratic civilization in this country is the threat of Fascism mean that the culture of the Republic is threatened by the existence in the United States of the kind of situation which has produced Fascism elsewhere, and that that situation in the United States has already given indications, human and other, of developing in the known direction. In the same way, those who say that the alternative to Fascism is education do not mean that democracy can be saved by educating the people to see conspirators under the bed, but that democracy can be saved by educating the people to value the kind of life democracy makes possible.

The situation which has produced



ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

Fascism elsewhere, and which threatens to produce Fascism here, is a situation with which education can deal, because it is a situation which failure of education has created. The situation which produced Fascism in Germany and in Italy, and which threatens to produce Fascism here, is a situation the historical background of which is clear enough. The Industrial Revolution, with its need for specialized labor, created a new economic class, the so-called lower middle class, above and distinct from the masses of the people who labor with their hands. The capitalist money system, with its tendency to squeeze society into pyramidal forms, froze this new-made class into the social order. The result was to suspend a great mass of people in a kind of limbo just above brute labor, just below comfort and decency and self-respect. Freed, on the one side, from the discipline of labor by the hand; they were excluded, on the other, from the discipline of labor by the head. Deprived, on the one side, of the realism, the hard-headedness, the piety, the traditional human wisdom, the salt sense, the kindness of those who labor the earth and the earth's metals with their bodies; they were equally deprived, on the other, of that different kindness, that different knowledge, that different wisdom of those whose life is in the mind.

They were, in other words, a class for which the old education of habit and custom had been broken, and for which a new education of intelligence and reason had not been supplied. Fascism is the image of that fact. When this class, driven to revolt by the failures of the economic system which had created it, put forward its leaders—its Mussolinis and its Hitlers—it conducted itself precisely as a class so deserted by the culture of its society might be expected to conduct itself. The reason why Fascism is so brutal, so vulgar, so envious, so superstitious, so childish, so shrewd, is that these are the characteristics of a social class excluded

from the moral and emotional and intellectual traditions of its society. The reason why Fascism makes flags and parades its symbols is that no other symbols are moving to those who have not been allowed to inherit the culture of their past. The reason why Fascism makes war and hate its aim is that those out of whose misery Fascism is created are men incapable of imagining any other ends except the ends of hate and war.

But the fact, the evident fact, the fact which must at all times be held in view in the United States, is the fact that Fascism is the image of a condition, not the invention of a man, and that the condition which has created Fascism in Europe may very easily create Fascism here unless we act, and act now, to prevent it. And the question—the always asking question—the question which history presents to us, and will continue to present to us, no matter how we close our eyes or turn our minds away, is the question, how we shall act. Shall we turn our attention to the war in Europe and do what we can to encourage those who are fighting Fascism there? Shall we organize patriotic displays at home and punish those who preach Fascism directly or indirectly here? Or shall we as honestly as we can, and as directly as we can, and as effectively as we can, attempt to change by education the condition from which Fascism results?

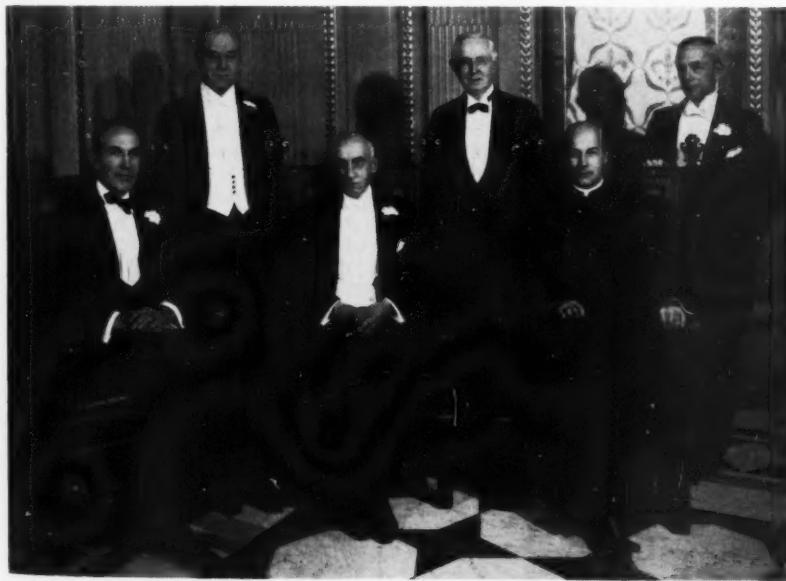
To my mind there is no doubt as to the answer we should give. I am aware, I think, of at least some of the difficulties. I am aware that the immediate forces which drive the intellectually and culturally dispossessed into Fascism are economic forces, and that education is not an altogether adequate answer to those who ask for a chance to work usefully and creatively and to fulfil their lives. I am aware also that there are people in the United States who do not wish to admit that there are large numbers of their fellow citizens who have been excluded from the American tradition and the American culture. But I

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

think, notwithstanding these difficulties and objections and many others, that we have no choice but to make use of the one effective weapon we know ourselves to possess. If we respect prejudice because it calls itself patriotism, we are poor patriots. If we wait for the economic restoration of a world at war, we will wait too long. As things are, in the world as it is, we can either attempt to educate the people of this country—all the people of this country—to the value of the democratic tradition they have inherited, and so admit them to its enjoyment; or we can watch some of the people of this country destroy that tradition for all the rest.

It is this issue, as I see it, which is presented to American libraries, for it is upon American libraries that the burden of this education must fall. It cannot fall upon the schools. There is no longer time to await the education of a new generation which will come in due

course to a more enlightened maturity. It cannot be left to the newspapers or the magazines, however earnest their protestations of honesty and disinterestedness. There are honest publishers, but there are no disinterested publishers, and there never will be. It cannot, even more obviously, be left to the moving pictures or the radio. The radio's notion of disinterestedness is equal time to both sides regardless of the sides, the moving picture's notion of disinterestedness is silence. But this burden can be entrusted to the libraries. The libraries, and the libraries alone, can carry it. The libraries alone are capable of acting directly upon the present adult generation. The libraries alone are staffed by people whose disinterestedness is beyond suspicion. And though there are occasional directors of libraries and boards of library trustees who will stoop to the exclusion of books which offend their social or



FOUNDER'S DAY GROUP 1939

Seated, left to right: Archibald MacLeish, Samuel Harden Church, Dean N. R. H. Moor.
Standing: William Frew, Frank J. Lanahan, Augustus K. Oliver.

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

political or economic preconceptions—books, let us say, like "The Grapes of Wrath"—the directors and trustees of libraries are in general men with the highest sense of their duties to their institutions and their country. The libraries, in brief, are the only institutions in the United States capable of dealing with the contemporary crisis in American life in terms and under conditions which give promise of success. They are the only institutions in American life capable of opening to the citizens of the Republic a knowledge of the wealth and richness of the culture which a century and a half of democratic life has produced.

The fact is a fact which should properly fill the librarians of this country with a sense of pride. But it is a fact also which should fill them with a sense of responsibility. For, at the present moment, as librarians themselves have been the first to admit, they are not opening that knowledge and that understanding to the citizens of the Republic. The American Library Association has this year published a small, but most important, as well as most readable, study of American librarianship by Wilhelm Munthe, Director of the University Library at Oslo, in which the achievements of American libraries in this direction are analyzed. According to such studies and surveys as he found available, Dr. Munthe concludes that in "an ordinary good library town" the library cardholders comprise some twenty-five to thirty per cent of the population; that half of these are school children; that of the remaining adult cardholders "a large portion never use their cards"; that of the remainder of that remainder, fifty per cent are high-school students, twenty-one per cent are housewives, two and a half per cent are business men, five per cent are clerks, five per cent are skilled labor, and five per cent are unskilled labor. In other words, clerks, business men, and laborers using the library in "an ordinary good library town" amount altogether to less than a fifth of an undetermined

portion of fifteen per cent of the population. This figure, says Dr. Munthe, "is amazingly low." One admires his restraint.

The truth seems to be that American libraries have executed magnificently the first half of their assignment, as that assignment was defined some fifty years ago by my distinguished predecessor in the Library of Congress. They have solved with great brilliance the problem of getting books for readers. They have developed practices of accession, of cataloguing, of classification which enable them to secure books intelligently and to make them readily available to inquirers. But they have not executed the second half of their assignment. They have not learned how to get readers for books. The typical American library borrower can still be described by a friendly but informed and intelligent European in Dr. Munthe's words: "A woman of twenty-three and a half years, with three years of high school, who borrows in the course of a month four modern novels of no particular worth, one really good novel, and one popular biography or entertaining travel account." And who are her authors? As Dr. Munthe tells us: "We can safely say that they are not the ones whose names will some day be cut in marble on the face of library buildings. They are people like Berta Ruck, Zane Grey, and Kathleen Norris. . . Authors with troublesome or radical ideas are definitely avoided."

If the learned Doctor is right, the libraries of America have a tremendous distance to go before they can feel that they have found the readers their books deserve. But it is not a journey they must make alone. Behind them, far back but still livingly there, are the men who created the American library system—men like the man in whose memory this day is celebrated. Beside them are the many still alive—writers, teachers, lovers of American liberty—to whom the education of the people for the preservation of their culture is the best and most hopeful undertaking open

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

to our time: the many who believe, as I do, that we can either educate the people of this Republic to know, and therefore to value and therefore to preserve, their own democratic culture, or we can watch the people of this Republic trade their democratic culture for the ignorance and the prejudice and the hate, of which the just and proper name is Fascism.

These are the alternatives our time presents us. They are not alternatives which will remain forever open. We may accept them now or lose them now. "History," says Wystan Auden—

"History to the defeated
Can say Alas but cannot help or pardon."

History can say "Alas" to this American civilization of ours as well as to any other. Unless we save it. Unless we act not only with our words but with our minds to save it.

At the close of the address the quartet sang—also by a very special request—"The Omnipotence," by Franz Schubert.

PRESIDENT CHURCH: In establishing the International Exhibition of Paintings, Andrew Carnegie believed that he was bringing the people of the world into closer understanding and sympathy. In opening the great collection brought here by Homer Saint-Gaudens, we are doing so with the feeling that Mr. Carnegie's faith was not misplaced, and that human brotherhood is stronger ultimately than the ambition of tyrants. You will note that we have the flags of all the exhibiting nations grouped on the platform—that of Germany with the rest. The painters of the world are eagerly listening for the list of the winners. I shall read it now:

First Prize of \$1,000 to Alexander Brook, American, for his painting entitled "Georgia Jungle."

Second prize of \$600 to Yasuo Kuniyoshi, American, for his "Lay Figure—1938."

Third prize of \$500 to Marc Chagall, French, for his painting, "The Betrothed."

The four honorable mentions were awarded as follows: The first, carrying \$400, to Mariano Andreu, Spanish, for "The Duel with One's Self"; the second, with \$300, to Raphael Soyer, American, for "Bus Passengers"; the third, carrying \$200, to Aaron Bohrod, American, for "Deserted House, Wyoming"; and the fourth, with the sum of \$100, to Ernest Fiene, American, for "Razing Old New York Post Office."

And the \$300 prize bestowed each year by the Allegheny County Garden Club for the best painting of flowers or a garden goes to Maurice Brianchon, French, for his "Flowers on a Red Table."

The Star-Spangled Banner was then sung, after which the audience proceeded to the galleries to see the 1939 Carnegie International Exhibition of Paintings.

FREE LECTURES

[Illustrated]

MUSEUM

SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT 2:15 P.M.

LECTURE HALL

NOVEMBER

- 19—"Night Movies in the Wilds," by Howard H. Cleaves, Ornithologist and Authority on Wildlife Photography.
26—"The Mayas," by W. Stuart Carnes, Noted Explorer, Metallurgist, and Archeologist.

DECEMBER

- 3—"Five Miles High in the Himalayas," by William P. House, Pittsburgh Explorer.
10—"The Lure of Alaska," by Harry A. Franck, Popular Author and World Traveler.
17—"South About," by Arthur C. Twomey, Assistant and Field Collector, Section of Ornithology, Carnegie Museum.

FINE ARTS

TUESDAY EVENING AT 8:15 P.M.

MUSIC HALL

NOVEMBER

- 21—"Art in Our Time," by Edward Alden Jewell, Art Editor of the New York Times.



THE BUHL PLANETARIUM

THE Buhl Foundation, in presenting to the city of Pittsburgh a Planetarium as their memorial to the late Henry Buhl Jr., has made a magnificent addition to the beautiful sights of our city. The Pittsburgh merchant whose will created The Buhl Foundation in 1928 was for a long time a citizen of the North Side, where the Planetarium has been built. As the fifth of this type of scientific hall to be constructed in the United States—others have been erected in Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, and Los Angeles—the Buhl Planetarium combines the best and newest features, both mechanical and architectural, of all the others and has the added advantage of an Institute of Popular Science—one of the very few such institutes in the world.

No longer will the dwellers in our city streets be unable to see the firmament, for its treasures will be arrayed in all their glory in the Planetarium; and although the Carl Zeiss projector is a complicated and astounding scientific instrument, its mission is essentially to popularize and make fascinating the

field of astronomy, illustrating amazingly the apparent movements of the sun, moon, stars, and planets across our sky. The Institute of Popular Science, also, will demonstrate in understandable fashion the progress of science in many other specific fields. Operating models—exhibits that move and talk and explain themselves—such as those used in the Deutsches Museum in Munich and in the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, have been included in the Institute.

A giant stereopticon—or to use an old-fashioned term, a magic lantern—is what makes the stars come out in the sky theater. But the giant at the Buhl Planetarium is an unbelievably complex and versatile projector with 106 lenses that can reproduce the heavens on the inside of a great stainless steel dome as they actually appear from any point on the surface of the globe—there are no geographical limitations on its flexibility—at any given time in the past or future. The machinery of the instrument is so perfect that the commentator can press a button and make history—

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

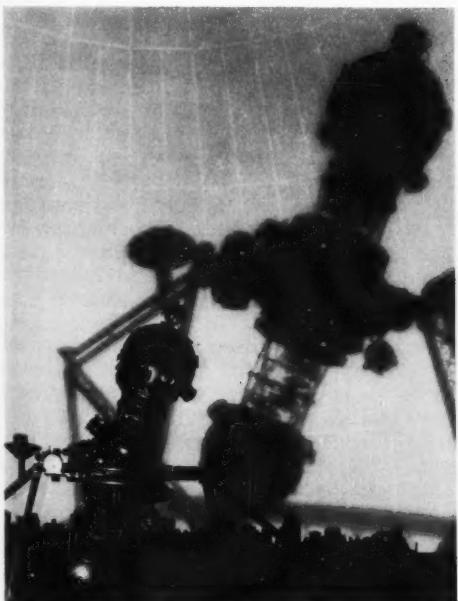
astronomical history—turn back to, for instance, midnight of January 1, B.C. 2,000. And on the sky of the Planetarium projector, every star and every planet will be in its exactly correct position.

This projector can also speed up celestial time to send the universe wheeling through a year's cycle in a few minutes; it can bring evening, midnight, and dawn; and it can demonstrate eclipses of the sun and moon, shooting stars, and Halley's Comet, all at the will of the lecturer who regulates its operation from the speaker's panel control. Nine thousand of the fixed stars, every known constellation, the Milky Way, the nebulae, star clusters, the variable stars, are there. And all this is so convincingly done in a "theater of the stars" that for the period of the demonstration the audience captures the illusion of being "out under the starry skies," looking into the vast and illimitable reaches of the

universe, farther than eye could see.

Complex as it sounds, the instrument is relatively simple for an experienced operator. He has before him a keyboard of electric switches and he plays them just as an organist plays on his keys. And, like an organ, the switchboard of the Planetarium projector offers an infinite number of combinations in so simple a manner that the audience will just sit back in their chairs, and find themselves believing—because the sky looks so real—that they are out on top of one of our own Pennsylvania mountains on a clear starry night, with the splendor and majesty of the heavens spread out before them.

In addition to the Planetarium productions in the "theater of a thousand shows," the new institution will offer a lecture hall fully equipped for scientific demonstrations of many sorts and for the presentation of the finest in scientific and educational motion pictures. There are also five galleries to be devoted to scientific exhibits, free to the public at all hours that the institution is open. In these galleries, exhibits will tell the story of physics, of chemistry, of astronomy, and, from time to time, of other sciences. At the present time the octagonal gallery, directly beneath the sky theater, is devoted to the exhibition of a group of interesting machines that demonstrate safe driving and test automobile operating skill by accurate measurement—under simulated road conditions. The Mezzanine Lounge, the Club Room, the headquarters and workshops for amateur astronomers—where expert scientists and teachers will instruct those who wish to know more of this ancient science—are among the other points of interest included in this new and welcome gift to the city of Pittsburgh.



THE GIANT PLANETARIUM PROJECTOR



THE GARDEN OF GOLD



ONE of the most gratifying marks of human favor is to find that a friend who approves with enthusiasm the work of a board of trustees has bequeathed a part of his possessions toward the advancement of a great popular enterprise represented by them. Many wills have been made by residents of Pittsburgh in which Mr. Carnegie's noble creations have been remembered. The idea of these testators has seemingly been to join their means to the original gifts received from him. "He has done so much—we want to help." That is the thought of these friends when the moment comes for distributing their own possessions. The Carnegie Institute, having always in view a thousand objects of art and science; and the Carnegie Institute of Technology, using its resources to the limit for teaching the latest knowledge in art, science, and research—what more useful institutions exist for the worthy use of surplus wealth?

These observations naturally flow from the information coming from time to time into the Garden of Gold concerning wills that contain remembrances of this kind. Some of these bequests are known to be large, many of them are known to be small; but, large or small, they evoke the same degree of appreciation and gratitude.

The most recent remembrance of this kind comes to the Carnegie Institute of Technology upon the death of Frederick Koershenhausen. His will contains this provision: "Third, I give and bequeath unto the Carnegie Institute of Technology, at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the sum of five hundred (\$500) dollars."

It was a noble thought, and it is acknowledged with sincere thanks.

Then come those Tech graduates, giving from their slender purses night and day, contributing to their utmost toward that \$4,000,000 which Pitts-

burgh is to raise by 1946, in order that Tech may receive an additional gift of \$8,000,000, making a new endowment of \$12,000,000. Here are the names of the latest groups, whose joint giving amounts to \$477.50:

Harry G. Appel, Charles Altschul, John Babin, Helen O. Beatty, John E. Bowler, James W. Early, Pauline C. Espe, Helen Baglin Galleher, Margaret Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hogarty, Joseph J. Indovina, Curtiss M. Jackson, Jerry E. Kappel, Howard B. Klippel, H. B. Lilley, Jean R. Maxwell, Sue Murray, Charles R. Nelson, Charlotte Parmely, Eleanor A. Reich, Josephine Schramm, Howard W. Shaffer, Martin R. Schell, Mrs. J. E. Shillinger, Veronica Volpe, Charles F. Wagner, Mrs. J. G. Warren, and Mary M. Young.

Charles H. Anderson, William Balla, Mrs. Allison J. Berlin, H. L. Bunker Jr., A. Carnvale, Francis O'Connor Church, Martin I. Cowen, Edward Crump Jr., Mary M. Danley, Mr. and Mrs. O. Alfred Dickman, Adele Gumbert Fee, Charles N. Geisler, Walter Gray, Albert J. Haskens, Janet A. Jamieson, D. S. McKinney, Andrew C. Muir, Mary Marshall Murphy, Mrs. Paul G. Rodewald, Mason A. Rogers, A. Z. Shmina, Gladys Slonaker, B. D. Sontag, Frank R. Streba, Mrs. R. C. Swaney, Margaret Yarlett, and Peter Zelezniak.

M. F. Barrett, E. Louise Boggess, Jacob S. Braverman, Mrs. G. F. Gurley, James M. Guthrie, A. J. Hanks, Henry W. Kachel, Jean K. Lacock, Aaron L. Lambie, Christine E. Leighou, William W. Macalpine, Jean Marie McGirr, Mary Lou Milligan, David Moskovitz, Cecelia Murdoch, F. H. Noel, Mrs. E. G. Oppenheimer, Mrs. Harriett Hoover Ray, Lindsay Reno, Charles Richiusa, Louis Sandler, Rebekah Shuman, Winthrop Slocum, Wm. H. Stafford, Herbert S. Strickler, Clara L.

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

Toudy, August E. Vandale, John W. Wagenseil, Mrs. J. E. Watson, J. H. Waxman, and Richard S. Wentz.

Adding the sum of \$477.50 to the other cash amounts contributed during the years since the inauguration of the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE in April, 1927 we have the following totals in gifts: for the Carnegie Institute, \$1,260,231.49; for the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, \$34,379.12; and for the Carnegie Institute of Technology, \$1,543,904.15; or a grand total of \$2,838,514.76.

VISITORS TO THE CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL

THE Carnegie International is not only of importance to the people of Pittsburgh, but it draws critics from New York, Washington, Boston, Detroit, Cleveland, and Toronto; and art-conscious individuals and groups from all neighboring cities and towns. Last week thirty-five members of the Art Institute of Buffalo, New York, coming by a night bus, spent the day at the Institute, seeing the International. On Sunday, November 12, a group of three hundred and fifty adults from the Cleveland School of Art came by special train to see the latest trends in European and native art. The Lydia Kreuger Society from Elm Grove and a group from Bethany College have come from West Virginia to participate in enjoyment of the exhibition; and Maryland has been represented with a group from the State Teachers College at Frostburg.

Groups from western Pennsylvania who have already made a tour of the International include the Art Club of New Castle, the Monday Club of Vandergrift, the Butler Woman's Club, the Friday Club of Greensburg, the Woman's Club of Ambridge, the Donora Woman's Club, the College Club of Carnegie, and groups from Geneva College at Beaver, and from the two State Teachers Colleges at California and Indiana. And many more are booking visits ahead.

PITTSBURGH'S ART LEADERSHIP

[*An Editorial from The New York Times,
October 21, 1939*]

WAR affects the art realm, just as it is bound to affect so many phases of life in even a neutral democracy such as ours. This fact manifests itself with peculiar vehemence apropos of the effort to arrange an exhibition in which the art of foreign nations is assembled. Though dismayed, one is not surprised to learn that the 1939 Carnegie International, just opened in Pittsburgh, may be the last show in a distinguished series for a long time to come, resumption depending entirely upon the course of events abroad. Thus the present occasion assumes a significance in which gratitude for what has been accomplished is suffused with sadness, with awareness of the precarious path that culture must tread in an embattled world.

Carnegie Institute has for decades performed an incalculably great service in sponsoring these international exhibitions. To Homer Saint-Gaudens, the director of its Department of Fine Arts, a vote of sincere thanks is due. His, each Spring, has been the difficult task of rounding up art, both European and American, that in the Fall may serve to indicate multiple achievement, diverse trends, in the contemporary field of painting. This year the problems faced were of exceptional complexity. Fortunately most of the European art selected reached its destination before the war broke. There can be no thought of organizing further exhibitions such as this while current hostilities prevail.

Meanwhile, in the galleries of Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh, culture's brave truce links nations hand in hand. There there is peace, and there may be glimpsed, though Europe is ablaze with violence, the clear reciprocal flame of man's aspiration toward things of the spirit, which ennoble and which abide.

LITHOGRAPHS BY GEORGE W. BELLOWS

ONE of the chief characteristics of George Bellows was his democracy. He was democratic in his appearance, in his tastes, in his attitude toward his fellow men, and democratic in his life. It is, therefore, very natural that in the expression of his art he should have turned to the most democratic of all art mediums, lithography.

He found it in a low state and in disfavor, but such was the magic of his work on stone that he elevated it to a high place in the reproductive art processes. In George Bellows, as in Goya and Daumier and Gavarni, there was a union of artistic talent and the appreciation of the nature of the lithographic process that eventuated in notable achievement in the medium. Frank

Weitenkampf, who knew whereof he spoke, could say in 1912 of the status of lithography in America: "It is a mystery, almost, that an art so supple in expression, so rich in resources, so absolute in its reproduction of the artist's touch without the intervention of any other agency, should not have called forth a readier response to its appeal." He was not aware that there was even then a young artist in New York who in a few years would begin to make, through his lithographs, one of the most important contributions ever made to American art.

George Bellows went to New York in 1904 to study drawing and painting

under Robert Henri. He began to exhibit his paintings in 1906 and had won such a position for himself by 1908 that he was elected an Associate of the National Academy, the youngest man ever to be the recipient of that honor. During the first ten years of his artistic career he paid no attention to lithography. It was not until 1916 that he made his first print, "Prayer Meeting." During the remaining nine short years that were vouchsafed to him, he made one hundred and ninety-seven lithographs. Through them he brought the stone back to favor and made for himself a place among the lithographers of all times.

The Carnegie Institute is now presenting sixty-eight of these prints in an exhibition that is being held

during the time of an International as a special mark of appreciation for one who looms large in the history of this annual event. George Bellows began to exhibit in the International in 1908 and continued until his death in 1925. In 1909 he showed "Forty-two Kids," and it was sold from the International to a Pittsburgh collector. This was his first sale, though he had then been exhibiting for three years. In 1914 his painting "Cliff Dwellers" was given honorable mention, and in 1922 his "Eleanor, Jean and Anna" was awarded first prize. In 1923 the Carnegie Institute presented a one-man exhibition of his paintings, drawings, and lithographs. In that ex-



SELF-PORTRAIT

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE



BENEDICTION IN GEORGIA

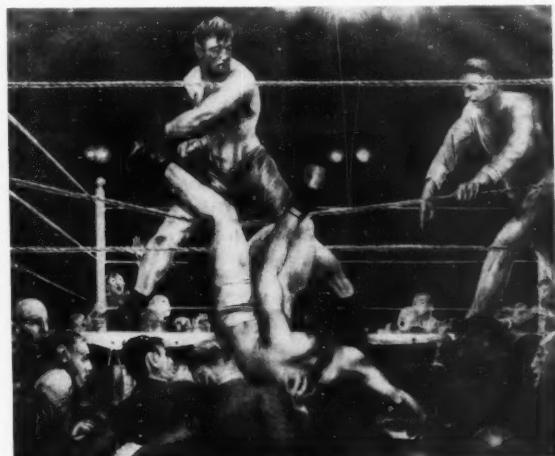
hibition only a small number of his prints were shown.

From the time he made his first lithograph, he found the medium more and more suited to his temperament. He continued to experiment with crayon on stone and revealed it as an exceedingly flexible medium with an enormous range of effects. He made it yield rich color and lovely texture, as may be seen in the prints entitled "In the Park" and "Tennis at Newport." He had a true comprehension of the possibilities of black and white and of the wealth of tone effects that may be secured, as in "Base Hospital." His sense of design, influenced by the theories of Jay Hambidge, may be seen in his famous "Edith Cavell." George Bellows understood the art of mass and also that lithography is a heavy medium. This accounts for the blocklike appearance of many of his figures, as in "Intro-

ducing John L. Sullivan"; and for his massing of forms, as in "Billy Sunday." How superbly he could draw, he demonstrated in his lithographs of nudes, particularly the one entitled "Nude Study, Woman Kneeling on a Pillow."

The trite and the sentimental had no place in his work, but when the occasion called for it he handled his theme with tenderness and feeling, as in "Sixteen East Gay Street" and in the portraits of his children, Jean and Anne. At this

point it should be noted how successful he was with his lithographic portraits, as "Louis Bouché," "Eugene Speicher," and "Head of Gregory" will attest. George Bellows had versatility in his very being, for he could turn from vigorous social satire, as in "Benediction in Georgia," to poetic imagery, as in "The Journey of Youth." It was his paintings and lithographs of the sport



DEMSEY AND FIRPO



NUDE STUDY, WOMAN KNEELING
ON A PILLOW

of prize fighting that achieved popularity for him. His own activity in sports and his love of them gave him an understanding and sympathy for such scenes. Prize fights lent themselves to bulk or mass or plastic quality, which is important in the lithographic medium. They are dramatic, and then, too, they are experiments in light and movement. "Stag at Sharkey's," "Counted Out," "Dempsey and Firpo," and "Between Rounds" have become part of the American saga.

As Frank Crowninshield has indicated, all George Bellows' reactions, all his emotional qualities were derived from America. He never set foot in Europe. He was native and was prepared to present the American scene in his paintings and lithographs. He became a living, working, authentic pictorial historian of his time, and "Sunday, Going to Church," "Businessmen's Class, Y. M. C. A.," "Sawdust Trail," "Billy Sunday," "Bathing Beach," and "Old Billiard Player" are records of his America. Before people discussed the American scene, George Bellows was painting it on canvas and drawing it on stone. He left to his country a gallery

of prints of high quality, chronicling his period with authenticity, dignity, and power, and covering a wide variety of subjects which are telling comments on the eventful, kaleidoscopic history of the first quarter of the twentieth century. A great democratic artist mirrored his America with such ability, imagination, courage, and audacity that scraps of paper have become precious for all time.

The exhibition will continue through December 31.

J. O'C. JR.

VOTING ON POPULAR PRIZE PAINTING

VISITORS to the International Exhibition are once more to have an opportunity to express their preferences for the painting in the Exhibition that they feel should be awarded the annual Popular Prize of \$200. This award will be determined by a ballot vote during a two-week period preceding the final week of the Exhibition, that is, from Sunday, November 19, through Sunday, December 8. All the paintings in the International are eligible for this prize except that of Henri Eugène Le Sidaner, who died during the past year.

The Popular Prize was first offered by the Carnegie Institute during the 1924 International Exhibition. That year Malcolm Parcell's "Portrait of My Mother" was voted the prize, and in 1925 his "Portrait Group" was the winner. In succeeding years, Leopold Seyffert, Gari Melchers, Edmund C. Tarbell, James Chapin, Leopold Seyffert—for the second time—Alessandro Pomi, and Daniel Garber were the recipients of this honor. In 1934 Frederick J. Waugh won the award for his painting "Tropic Seas," and this was the beginning of the record which Mr. Waugh has established of being voted the Popular Prize for five consecutive years.

The purpose of the Popular Prize is to encourage visitors to study the paintings, and to express their opinions according to their own standards of criticism.

THE LOVING CUP OF PAUL LAMERIE

*Miss Annie-May Hegeman Presents Pair of Silver-Gilt Tea Caddies
and Lamerie Cup to the Carnegie Institute*

PAUL LAMERIE, whose name became one of the most outstanding in the history of silversmithing, and who was certainly the most famous craftsman of his time, is now represented in the collections of the Carnegie Institute by a recent gift from a former Pittsburgher, Miss Annie-May Hegeman. This constant friend has added to her earlier valuable gifts of lace, Sandwich glass, and pottery, three pieces of silver overlaid with gold—a loving cup and a pair of tea caddies—from the collection of her mother, Mrs. Henry Kirke Porter. These important additions of silver gilt to the rarities of the Carnegie Museum are all of such beauty of workmanship that it is not strange that they were made at the order of nobility and are now the pride of connoisseurs and command a high price.

The three pieces were designed and executed in London during the eighteenth century, and the loving cup was produced by Lamerie at a time when the art and craft of silversmithing were at their pinnacle in England. Most of the noted silversmiths of that day were "little masters," working at the bench and employing one or two journeymen, as well as several apprentices. This piece is an excellent example of Lamerie's skill and is in the style by which he is best known, displaying profuse rococo in vine leaves and grapes with shells and scrolls.

In this Georgian period the quantity of plate manufactured was exceedingly large—far greater than that of any former century—and the exquisite detail and grace of the designs were, with the exception of some beautiful Renaissance plate made in Elizabethan times, superior to that made in England during other periods of her artistic history. At first, during the reign of Queen Anne,

these articles were massively simple, so that they might be appropriately displayed against the background of the heavy walnut furniture so fashionable at the time. Form, not decoration, was the acme of the craftsman. But from 1714 to 1780 there was a gradual improvement of form—designs and patterns were lightened, and graceful decoration was added. At first this ornamentation was applied sparingly, but as time went on, it was used more and more freely until, in 1742—the date of the Lamerie cup—it literally flowered into perfection.

Paul Lamerie was originally Paul de Lamerie when, as a French Huguenot refugee, he came to London with others of his countrymen to practice his craft. Being a prolific worker and an artist, he succeeded in designing objects that appealed to the taste of the moment. He registered his first mark as a London goldsmith in 1712 and was in business until his death in 1751, creating and producing a very large quantity of plate that was always beautifully made, graceful in form, and original and exquisite in design and decoration. Lamerie seldom duplicated his designs—a particularly noteworthy characteristic that made the plate of this clever craftsman much sought after by the nobility and royal family. The quality of his work has rarely, if ever, been reached or surpassed by any modern silversmith. The glamor of his name is appreciated wherever old English silver is known and discussed.

Whether in deference to the desires of his patrons or from personal inclination, he could execute plain plate devoid of all ornament whatsoever, but the rich foliation of the rococo style attracted him, and he became its leading spirit. This style had been fashionable

in France some years before, but it was not until a few years before the second George came to the English throne—in 1720—that the French Huguenot silversmiths and craftsmen were able to make it fashionable in London.

Rococo—from the words rock and shell—implies various embellishments imitating rockwork, shells, scrolls, and foliage combined in profusion. Its development was brought about by a school of designers in Paris whose foremost protagonists were Juste-Aurèle Meissonnier and François Boucher. Meissonnier, who was responsible for the most extravagant designs in rococo, was made Director of the Royal Factory in Paris in 1723, and later Master of the Guild of Silversmiths; and it was the florid designs that he produced that so strongly influenced Paul Lamerie. Like Thomas Chippendale and Robert Adam, however, Lamerie profited by self-advertisement, and the opulent rococo style by which he is best known, and in which the loving cup is designed, was evidently a most successful medium for publicity.

Throughout the first half of the eighteenth century the predominant type of cup presumed to have been introduced, or more probably developed, by the Huguenot goldsmiths in London was large and massive and fitted with two handles. The inscription on the "steeple" cup of St. Ives shows that such vessels have been used as loving cups or grace cups though they may have merely graced the sideboard when not in use:

If any discord 'twixt my friends arise
Within the Borough of beloved St. Ives
It is desyred that this my cuppe of love
To everie one a peace maker may prove.

The Anglo-French craftsmen vied with each other in the flowery adorn-



PAUL LAMERIE'S HALL MARKS

ment of these cups with decorations borrowed from the French school of late Louis XIV. In most cups the upper part of the body above the molding is plain, while the domed cover and the lower part of the body are effectively enriched with varieties of ornament. The handles remain much the same throughout the history of the articles, which able silversmiths produced under Lamerie's leadership in inspired form during the time of George II.

The loving cup presented by Miss Hegeman to the Carnegie Institute stands about fifteen inches high and, as will be seen by the illustration, is pear shaped in form and the loveliest elaborate rococo imaginable. In the ornamentation appears a pair of cupids—one on each side of the cup—in bold embossing, one holding aloft a circlet of plain gold. All around these cupids are ornate flower designs, wine leaves, and bunches of grapes, with shells and scrolls intermingled with floral motifs. The handles are composed of intertwined grape leaves surmounted by the shell and head of a snail. The lid of the cup is embossed with heads of cupids, conventional foliated forms, the fruit and leaves of the grape, and is surmounted with a finial of bunches of grapes crowned by a small lizard. Paul Lamerie's hall marks—the official marks of the goldsmith's company or other assay office or "hall" in England that indicate the purity of the article—appear near the handle, about an inch under the plain rim holding the lid.

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

Possibly it is due to Lamerie's having wandered into the field of the bizarre when he was the leader of the rococo school in England that has made some critics remark that the silversmiths of that school concealed beauty of outline with a mass of superfluous ornamentation. This may apply to isolated objects, and to silversmiths who followed him, but it is very evident that the patrons of the arts preferred ornate design and in Lamerie's forms no inferior work was permitted.

This fact is not only true of the early eighteenth century, when Lamerie lived and worked, but also of the later part of the century—the time at which the tea caddies presented by Miss Hegeman were executed. While the maker of these articles cannot be ascertained, they also are decorated on each side with delicacy and precision—enough so that they were at one time the possessions of no less a personage than the Earl of Essex.

During the eighteenth century wars were being waged almost continuously with other nations on the continent, but that did not seem to interrupt England's advance-

ment in population, wealth, and power. Increased trade brought increased wealth, and the new prosperity created new fields of work for the craftsmen. The introduction, through the discovery of new trade routes, of tea and coffee into the kingdom during the latter half of the seventeenth century had created a demand for new articles in which to store, brew, and pour forth these beverages, and the growing habit of tea drinking, mentioned by Horace Walpole in his "Journal" for 1743, had already tempted the London craftsmen to the point where many an hour of a silversmith's time was spent in designing and decorating tea and coffee services.

Tea caddies—from the Malay "kati," meaning a weight and denoting the small box in which tea was imported into England—were introduced by the silversmiths early in the eighteenth century, in the days when the fragrant leaf was beyond the reach of the modest purse. At first, no doubt, the caddy was a simple canister. Soon, however, it is evident that the fashion was to buy the little silver boxes in



SILVER-GILT TEA CADDIES AND LAMERIE LOVING CUP

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

pairs. As essential accessories to the ceremonial of tea drinking, they came into fairly general use concurrently with the silver teapot. The type more commonly found dating from the early part of the eighteenth century is bottle shaped with a short neck and slip-on cover. Most of these were quite plain in design but very beautiful, and they are now extremely rare. The later ornamented ones were rectangular or shaped like teapots. Like those in the Carnegie Museum, many are of the rococo period, and whether plain or fancy, a number of them, like the other family silver, are engraved with armorial bearings, such as the owner's initials or crest, often very artistically interwoven with the decoration. The lids of the Hegeman tea caddies bear the devise, "Honi soit qui mal y pense"—Evil to him who evil thinks—that may be used only by the knights of the Order of the Garter.

So precious was the tea leaf at one time that sets of three boxes were made—the third was a sugar basin—and enclosed in shagreen or ivory cases fitted with a lock and key. As tea became cheaper, toward the end of the century, single caddies were made of various woods of different shapes, as well as of ivory, pearl, tortoise shell, and overlaid shell and Sheffield plate.

Actually, however, some of these small pieces represent the most skilled craftsmanship both in the shapes and in the ambitious adornment they bear. For that reason they have always attracted the notice of collectors, even though they are rarely used to hold tea nowadays.

The two caddies of the Earl of Essex are of silver gilt, similar in their rectangular shape and embossing. Two conventional Chinese scenes in keeping with the prevailing taste of the period for "chinoiserie" are alternated on the four sides, both showing a small Oriental house, embowered with flowers, one with a face gleaming from a window; the other has a center decoration of plain gold entirely surrounded with

sprays of blossoms and leaf designs.

These three objects are displayed in the Coin Room of the Carnegie Museum, Miss Hegeman having provided the necessary funds to purchase a case that was designed and constructed especially to be in harmony with the pieces on view and with the surrounding objects and furnishings. The display has attracted favorable notice on the part of many discriminating visitors to the Institute.

D. N.

A PITTSBURGH PHILOSOPHER

Idleness destroys everything within its influence. Nothing is more conquering than indolence. It will dissipate the largest fortune, it will dishonor the fairest name, it will destroy the strongest heart, it will debauch the purest morals, and it will ultimately destroy nations and civilization. Man must work to be moral and good. It was ordained in the beginning by the wisdom of the Almighty.

I am aware that there is much fear and pessimism abroad in the land. With ten or eleven million of our citizens unemployed, with all lines of business at low ebb, and with strange isms from across the sea being propagated here, I can understand why many persons would be disturbed over the outlook for the preservation of democracy and free enterprise.

However, as I look back over the half century that my adult life has spanned, I recall many times in those fifty years when the outlook was as dark, if not darker, than it is today, and I also recall that in each of these critical periods the intelligence, industry, and ingenuity of the American people finally asserted themselves, and the country went forward to greater and higher things. The possibilities of this country are yet unlimited.

—M. L. BENEDUM

CHRIST IN THE PRESENT DAY

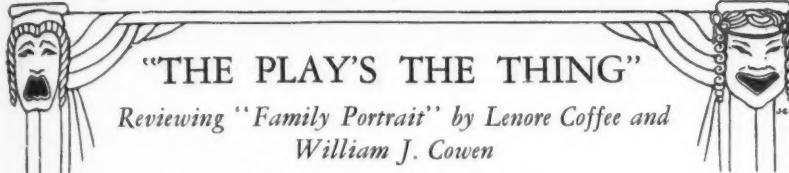
The highest life is probably to be reached, not by such imitation of the life of Christ as Count Tolstoi gives us, but, while animated by Christ's spirit, by recognizing the changed conditions of this age, still laboring for the good of our fellows, which was the essence of his life and teaching, but laboring in a different manner.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

AMERICAN RENAISSANCE

There is every evidence today that the United States is entering a period of public knowledge and appreciation of art which—and I do not believe I exaggerate—may well compare with the Renaissance of the Middle Ages.

—C. POWELL MINNIGERODE
[Director The Corcoran Gallery of Art]



"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Reviewing "Family Portrait" by Lenore Coffee and
William J. Cowen

BY HAROLD GEOGHEGAN

Professor of the History of Art, Carnegie Institute of Technology



AND when the Sabbath day was come, He began to teach in the synagogue: and many hearing Him were astonished, saying . . . Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James, and Joses

and of Juda, and Simon? and are not his sisters here with us? And they were offended at Him. But Jesus said unto them, 'A prophet is not without honour, but in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house.' "

Taking this passage from St. Mark's Gospel as a point of departure, Lenore Coffee and William J. Cowen have fashioned a tender and moving play about the family of Jesus.

In "Family Portrait," Nazareth becomes a meeker and more spiteful "Grover's Corners," the brothers of Jesus a rustic firm of carpenters puzzled and angry at the inexplicable defection of their elder brother and best workman, alternately alarmed and pleased at the publicity that follows his activities, and utterly dismayed at his final clash with the Government and his—as it seems to them—shameful death. His mother, Mary, alone believes in him with her whole heart and tries to explain him to the bewildered family, who can see only that he is upsetting their business, running counter to the opinions of conventional and respectable citizens, and blackening their name in the com-

munity to such an extent that proposed marriages are broken off and orders cancelled.

Naturally in such a treatment of the Gospel story, all allusions to the divinity of Jesus, the ritual character of the Last Supper, the Resurrection, and the Ascension must be omitted. Jesus becomes just a social reformer, whose revolutionary ideas cause his family embarrassment and finally lead to tragedy. Why then, as some critics objected at the time of the play's first production, call the reformer Jesus and his home Nazareth? Would not the play be just as effective if the characters and the locale of the action were given fictitious names? I think it would not. The Greeks recognized the immense dramatic value of an already familiar story and set of characters. If the authors had been concerned with the reactions of the family of some anonymous social reformer, I doubt if "Family Portrait," with its somewhat undistinguished writing and its rather obvious characterization, would have aroused the interest that it did, or appealed to many of us. What we already know and do not need to be told supplies the audience a ready-made emotional background. The mere mention of the Sea of Galilee, of Capernaum, of the Upper Room, or of Gethsemane evokes a host of feelings and visual images. The knowledge of what did happen does a great deal of the author's work. For instance, the most effective curtain was perhaps that of the first act: Mary, who has been questioning an ardent disciple of Jesus about the Master's teaching, asks him his name. He replies: "Judas. . . Judas Iscariot."

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

The problem of constructing a play in which the character who motivates all the action must never appear on the stage in person was a difficult one. The authors, it seems to me, have solved it with great skill and tact. A further problem was the choice of the language in which a Biblical play should be written. Many authors have made misguided attempts to reproduce the magnificent English of the King James version. Miss Coffee and Mr. Cowen have mercifully spared us this, and have contented themselves with the speech of everyday life, avoiding any too marked regional characteristics. That our common speech is not irreconcilable with beauty of style, Thornton Wilder has shown us in "Our Town," which has points in common with "Family Portrait." There is little beauty in the writing of this play; the speech is commonplace, sometimes to the point of banality; but at least it is straightforward and unaffected.

The chief character of Mary is admirably done. A simple, wise, and deeply understanding woman who firmly believes in her eldest son's mission—the Mary "who kept all these sayings and pondered them in her heart." Yet, at the same time, she is able to see the point of view of her

other children, and tries to smooth out their difficulties. In the authors' desire to avoid the supernatural, she is not of course the Virgin of the Incarnation, nor is she the Mother of Sorrows, and still less the Queen of Heaven; but as the suffering mother of a much-loved and cruelly persecuted son, the portrait they have drawn is a beautiful and touching one.

The remaining characters are more summarily dealt with, though there are good things in the kindly, rough-tongued Mary Cleophas and in the self-righteous and conventional James. There are no reasons why comical touches should not be introduced in a Biblical play—the old miracle plays furnish enough precedent for it—but Mary Cleophas' complaints about her sore feet in the Last Supper scene and the wisecracking of the marriage broker in the epilogue were disturbing to me, although they occasioned much mirth from the audience. This epilogue, which takes place some years after the Crucifixion, shows us Mary's granddaughter about to be married to a rich Syrian merchant's son. The family are bent on concealing their relationship to Jesus, and are amazed to find that the bridegroom's father has never even heard of Him. This is an effective touch,



SCENE FROM "FAMILY PORTRAIT"—STUDENT PLAYERS

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

though reminiscent of the Pilate of Anatole France's masterpiece, "Le Procureur de Judée."

The performance of "Family Portrait," under the firm direction of E. W. Hickman, was praiseworthy. The two actresses who played the part of Mary, though they lacked—through no fault of their own—the maturity essential to the part, both played with great tenderness and sincerity. The first—alphabetically first—suggested more successfully the poise and human good sense with which the authors have endowed the role. The second was a little too steadily dreamy and melancholy. Both, however, were good performances. The second Mary Cleophas gave us a plausible and amusing study of a good-hearted outspoken woman. The first Mary of Magdala, looking remarkably effective in a red Rosettian wig, managed to infuse some passion into a not very well-written part. I liked both the first and second James, especially the second. The first Judas—a character that the authors seem to have intended to develop and then thought better of it—was moving in his first scene. The part of the blowsy inn-keeper Selima was certainly not underplayed. One of the most enjoyable performances was that of the little boy—aged at the most eight—who played Simon's son Daniel with an assurance and naturalness and a clearness of diction that many of his elders might well envy.

Charles Holden's settings and Elizabeth Schrader Kimberly's costumes—intentionally indefinite and unlocalized—seemed to me exactly right. The little sunlit courtyard of the house at Nazareth, with its homely architecture, its gnarled fig tree and carpenter's bench, and the characters in their warm yet subdued colored clothes, reminded one of some seventeenth-century Dutch painter's evocation of the Bible scene—a picture, perhaps, by Maes or Pieter de Hooch. The attempt to reproduce the setting of Leonardo's famous "Last Supper" was not, I thought, quite so happy.

EDUCATION BY RADIO

IN any discussion of the relation between radio and education, one inevitable question always comes up: What do you mean by education? I shall try to avoid getting bogged down today in any extended discussion of that question. In my association with New York University as a member of its governing Council for the past eight years, and in my contacts with others in this field, I have found that there are almost as many definitions of education as there are educators.

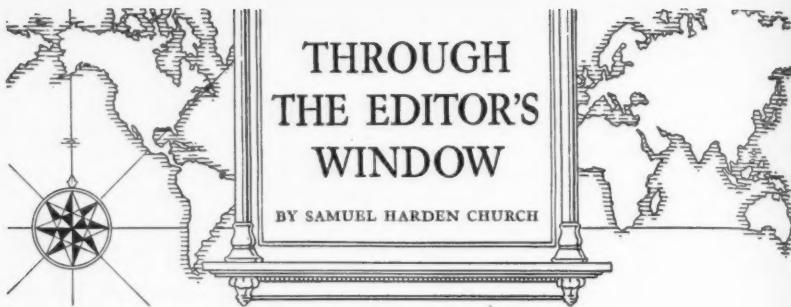
Education is one of those umbrella words that casts a wide or a narrow shadow, depending on whether you keep it open or closed. In the open sense of the word, it is an educational experience to listen to a beautiful piano concerto. In the closed sense, the concerto becomes educational only when the listener practices it on the piano, or studies its construction from a score.

When Dr. Angell joined our staff, I asked him to give us his definition of education as applied to radio broadcasting. After pointing out the necessity for distinguishing between the use of the word as applied to schools and colleges, and its use in a noninstitutional sense, Dr. Angell supplied us with the following:

Any program may be regarded as educational in purpose which attempts to increase knowledge, to stimulate thinking, to teach technique and methods, to cultivate discernment, appreciation and taste, to enrich character by sensitizing emotion and by inspiring socialized ideals that may issue in constructive conduct. Education is essentially the process by which individuals come to adjust themselves intelligently to life.

I believe that Dr. Angell's definition is one which educators will accept. When we identify education with all the processes by which character is enriched and knowledge is increased, the importance of broadcasting as one of the modern instruments of education and as a public service, is self-evident.

—DAVID SARNOFF
President, Radio Corporation of America



IS THERE PUNISHMENT FOR HITLER?

ADOLF HITLER's lawless course of war and conquest is bringing before all men who study its tendencies the world danger of the chief principle on which he has constructed his delusive statesmanship. That principle is the inculcation of racial hatred among the German people. When he made his first appeal for political support, he began with hatred for the Jews. It was his idea that if you could make people hate other people, they will accept you as a leader. He then took up the degrading invention—first proposed by Bismarck and later advocated by the Kaiser—that the German people are better and of a higher order of humanity, man for man and race for race, than any other population on the earth. He called upon his followers to hate their neighbors by name. He told them they must hate "the motley collection of Czechs, Poles, Hungarians, Ruthenians, Serbs, Croats, and above all, the Jews." This was the rule on which he would enslave the new populations of his empire.

The long line of Hitler's bloody and destructive aggressions followed, and then the world beheld with astonishment the ultimate reaches of his pitiless policy of Hate Your Neighbor. For he has decided that he will recall into the geographical limits of Germany all those people living abroad in Europe—estimated at 3,000,000—who may hold the right of calling themselves Germans; and that, on the other hand, by

way of keeping the national stock clean, he will expel from Germany all those individuals from foreign lands upon whose heads he has pronounced his dread anathema. It matters not that the German groups have dwelt in peace for five hundred years in Bohemia, and Poland, and Italy. They must now be recalled and shut up forever, behind imaginary but impassable walls, from all contact with baser human flesh like ourselves.

Against this law of the cannibal jungle, and purposely aimed at it, as I believe, is the great encyclical recently given to the world by Pope Pius XII. "The first of these pernicious errors, widespread today," declares the Sovereign Pontiff, in discussing dictators and their perversions, "is the forgetfulness of that law of human solidarity and charity which is dictated and imposed by our common origin and by the equality of rational nature in all men, to whatever people they belong." The Pope speaks eloquently of "A marvelous vision, which makes us see the human race in the unity of our common origin in God." And he then quotes from Ephesians 4: 6, "One God and father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all." And again he calls upon the Scriptures, in Colossians 3, 11, for an interpretation of human solidarity, "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all, and in all."

The Pope speaks of "our beloved

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

Italy" and of "our beloved Poland"; and it is evident that he is exercising the full measure of his ecclesiastical power to hold Italy outside the sphere of further union with German cruelty and malice. He does not mention France and England by name, and yet, in reading this appealing document, it is clear beyond question in every line of its implications, that the Pope must regard France and England as engaged in an essential struggle for Christianity and civilization, while with equal fervor he looks upon Hitler as the inveterate enemy and destroyer of these things.

Here, then, we have before our eyes, two world characters of supreme importance to all mankind in their respective stations, as also in the public declarations which flow from their mouths; the one an evil, brutal, and ignorant tribal chief, putting his neighbors to the sword because they have been derived from once separate tribes; the other, a benevolent, humane, and world-conscious religious leader, who calls upon all men, of all races and of all faiths, to give immediate obedience to the law of God in establishing peace on earth and good will among men.

There is a movement sweeping through the world—and it has recently made itself manifest in Pittsburgh—which calls for the punishment of Adolf Hitler as the chief delinquent in those ills which now afflict us all. His punishment seems to be provided for by international law, in this way: Germany entered into a solemn obligation and pact with fifty-nine other nations, binding herself not to engage in war as an instrument of national policy. That pact became the law of nations. No man should ever again make war for conquest or aggrandizement. Hitler has violated this law with fire and sword and massacre. Let him now be delivered as a prisoner into the custody of the League of Nations at Geneva. Then summon the nations of the world to try him for his crimes, and, if he is found guilty, execute him. And make it known that henceforth every man who

disturbs the tranquility of the world by making war, or by preparing to make war against the established security of treaties, shall be hanged as a public enemy.

HAMLET AT FULL STATURE

A NEW play by William Shakespeare would be an event like unto the discovery of a new planet sweeping into the sky to outshine Mars or Venus in size and glory. Yet there is probably no such play smothered from sight among the musty manuscripts of Queen Elizabeth's time. But to many thousands of spectators the complete and unabridged presentation of Hamlet by Maurice Evans and his capable companions comes in the nature of a new Shakespearean production. It is so much more delightful to take our Shakespeare as he is served to us on the decorated stage of the theater than to apply our cloistered minds to his books in the somber loneliness of the library, that we are apt to lose our recollection of scenes which the exigencies of the theatrical hour have habitually omitted from our view.

Mr. Evans made a straightforward proposition. If the American people would give him a hearing lasting exactly four hours, he would give them the greatest play in the world without cutting a line. And the bargain was made and kept in mutual good faith.

Indeed, it was all so new and so exciting! With the rising of the curtain on the battlements at Elsinore, we beheld the guardsmen keeping their careful watch; and for the first time in a theatrical production we learned why. There was danger of a war with Norway, and Norway was making war on "the Polack." Young Fortinbras immediately entered the story; and Horatio told us why the big industries were making war materials, why everybody was working on Sundays, why ships were being taken out of the fishing business to be made ready to carry

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

soldiers to battle; and just then the Ghost came in. From the very beginning we thus received new and strange material, which makes the play twice its usual size and gives it twice its usual interest.

What makes it earn its four hours of time is that Mr. Evans plays it—as he played Richard the Second—in the grand manner; for Shakespeare, while he is always modern in his thought, cannot ever be modernized in the manner of his presentation. Imagine, for example, any actor uttering with modern nonchalance that line that precedes Hamlet's entrance into his mother's chamber: "Now could I drink hot blood!" No. We must go to Shakespeare in precisely the same mood in which we go to the opera. In our imaginations the plays are real; the ghosts and fairies are real. Indeed, I found myself having but one topic of quarrel with Maurice Evans, and that was his inexcusable omission of the Ghost in the scene with the Queen. His speeches addressed to a Ghost that was not present sounded foolish and insane. If we could have seen the Ghost, with whom, by this time, we were all well acquainted, the play at that point would have been a hundred-fold more convincing.

The best part of the enterprise was that the full-length play was packed to the doors at every performance, and that everywhere, as in Pittsburgh, thousands of school children were among its entranced beholders.

HAVE WE SUCH?

We Greeks differ from other peoples of the world in this: that we do not merely hold a man who abstains from public affairs as idle, we hold him useless.

—PERICLES

ETERNAL TOLERANCE

If there is any principle in the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other, it is the principle of free thought—not free thought for those who agree with us but freedom for the thought we hate.

—JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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